Vol. 22, No. 26.

RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1890.

WHOLE No. 1120.

Polar to and it of

New High Arm Sewing Machine A. BAYNE SMITH,

SECOND NATIONAL BANK.

RAVENNA, OHIO.

Capital Paid Up,\$150,000

In United States Bonds

U. S. BONDS of all kinds bought and so ad axchanged at correct market rates. O. S. COUPON FOUR PEN CT. BOND

D. C. COOLMAN, - - Pres't 541 Vice President.

Havenna, Ohio. N. D. CLARK, - - Pres't.

I. D. SEYMOUR, Vice Pres't Capital paid in, \$100,000. Surplus Fund, -20,000.

Subscriptions received for the United States Four per cent. Coupon and Registered Bonds, on which the INTER-EST IS PAYABLE QUARTERLY IN COIN.

Coupon Bonds on hand for mmediate delivery. R. B. CARNAHAN, Cashier.

HAVENNA, Marc 26, 1878

Business Cards. R. S. WEBB. JOHN PORTER, arrettsville, O. Blackstone Block, Ravenne

WEBB & PORTER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. 015 BLACKSTONE BLOCK. EAVENNA, O. J. H. NICHOLS.

attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office in Phonix Block, over Second National Bank, Eavenna, Ohio. J. H. DUSSELL,

TTORNEY AT LAW, Counsel in English and German, Office over F. htt hing Store, Phenix Block, Ravenna,

S. F. HANSELMAN, TTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Blackstone Block,

SIDDALL & DOUTHITT, Office in Phenix Block, RAVENNA, C

J. W. HOLCOMB, A TTORNEY AT LAW
Telephone No. 58 Room 12, Ridd'e Block 1112 1y

HARRY L. BEATTY, TTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC. A Office in Poe Block, over Van Ness' Gro-cery Store, Ravenna, Ohio. 1119-19

E. Y. LACEY, A TTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC and SOLICITOR OF PENSIONS, Office with peratic Press, Ravenna, O.

To LOAN.-Money to loan on Farm Prep erty WEBB & PORTER, Rayenna, O.

Cleveland & Pittsburgh R. R Trains Depart from Rayenna Station as fe SCHEDULE TAKING EFFECT MAY 12, 1899

TIME TABLE. Central Standard Time. Taking Effect Nov 21, 1889.

MAIN LINE. WESTWARD. EASTWARD.

Through Sleeping Car between Allegheny and Chicago on Nos. 8 and 9, daily. THE ERIE.

TIME TABLE, July 28, 1889. Central time, 28 minutes slower than

Trains depart from Ravenna as follows: EASTWARD.

No. 4, Accom (Ex. Sunday) 447 p. m WESTWARD. Ne. 5, Cin., St Louis & Chicago Ex.

Teachers' Examinations.

XAMINATIONS will be held, commencing at 9 o'clack a. m. and closing at 4 p. m. on the FIRST SATURDAY of each month; also the THIRD SATURDAY-in October. November, The examination on the THIRD SATURDAY in February will be held at Garrettsville; that or the THIRD SATURDAY in March, at Kent. All others at the High School Building, Bayenna No certificate will be ante-dated. By order of the Board.

1046 O. F. HAYMAKER, Clerk

FOR BENT-Ctairs and down, Apply to D. C. or C. H. COOLMAN

"An Irishman

Looking over a Physician's bill, said he had no objections to paying for the medicine, but the VISITS he would RETURN.

C Sugar 5 1-2 ets. per 1b. White C Sugar, 6 cts. per lb.

Risdon & Taylor.



***FOR SALE

undertakers,

Of the Latest Styles and Patterns.

A TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office over Belding & ARM- PITKIN BLOCK, - - - RAVENNA, OHIO

eles proposos When you to Hart, Opera Block, assortment

(Ge) (Ge)

the Druggist, Ravenna. 6060

January, 1890.

The PITTSBURG & WESTERN Ry. Co. OF FALL CLOTHING AND WINTER

Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's Suits!

OWERCOATS!

Our Stock shows our Prices were right. We now offer the Balance of our Winter Goods at Lower Figures than offered elsewhere.

125C A 565 EC.

Clothier and Merchant Tailor, RAVENNA, O.

YOU ARE INVITED

PICTURES, MOULDINGS ARTISTS' MATERIALS, &C., STATIONERY,

whether you desire to purchase or not. We carry the most complete lines of these goods in the County. and show many Novelties not found elsewhere. We will make

our prices as low as any one, and oftentimes lower. IT IS, PERHAPS, SUPERFLUOUS TO SAY WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS,

-that we are producing-THE ONLY FIRST CLASS PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK

J. H. OAKLEY.

NO. 4 OPERA BLOCK.

KAVENNA, OHIO.

A wife hunted up her husband after an absence of thirty years. The man was a weaver, but when he saw his wife loom up, he said he couldn't work that loom, and gave up.



Now that the Holiday flutter is over, attention is naturally turned to substantial goods that make up the comfort and attractiveness of Home. Nothing in house furnishing is more essential than Serviceable and Artistic Floor Coverings. With this in view, we start out in 1890 with much the

Finest and Largest Stock of CARPETS Ever Shown in Ravenna

With no spirit of mere boasting, we claim to have the Largest Stock and most commodious Carpet Room, with the exception of one exclusive Cleveland Carpet House, in Northern Ohio. We have just added

OVER 200 NEW PIECES

Which, with former stock, enables you to select from over 400 pieces, in buying from us.

An acquaintance with the leading and reliable Carpet Houses, enables us to place our orders in full assur- AN ACADIAN WEDDING ance that all the requirements of durability and high art will be met in our purchases, whereby we can confidently assert the merits of what we sell, whether in medium or high art values.

kept it in her mind since condition. Together we sat looking at Cape Blomidon, veiled, yet clear, against the northwestern horizon. From the church site of that ancient deserted village Grand Pre dike lands stretched village Grand Pre dike lands stretched

Perhaps in no other branch of trade is the purchaser so entirely dependent upon the judgment and honor of the seller, in obtaining what they desire in actual value and service, as in the Carpet trade. Shoddy weaves full many a web of deceit in the creations of the shuttle, which none but the practiced eye can detect.

Our 19 years business intercourse with the good people of Portage County, renders unnecessary other assurance of our purpose and ability to serve them "well and faithfully;" and with largely increased stock, we are confident in the prediction that 1890 will be a year of mutual and enhanced profit to ourselves and patrons.

We have all the latest figures in

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> BODT BRUSSELS#3--- FXTAPESTRY BRUSSELS INGRAINS};-

-- XIII EMPS.

STAIR CARPETS.

CHINA AND OFFICE MATTING, LINOLEUM, OIL CLOTIES. and Together with beautiful

-- EXSMYRNA RUGS.

ART SQUARES -- Frand Mats

In Curtains, you will find some beautiful patterns from which to select, in Lace, Swiss Embroidered, and Madras from 25c up. Oil Shades, Shading by the yard, together with all Curtain Fixtures.

All of which we shall be the select of ground the Allemac remainder took to roving again. Pierre and his mother towned a spot of ground which they planted in the spring and reaped in autumn. Between whiles they took up their lodge and went fishing and busting.

All of which we shall be pleased to show to our friends, to whom we feel it an incumbent and pleasurable duty to extend our thanks for the liberal patronage they have bestowed upon us. We can but feel grateful that our of Gaspereau, making arrows for my brothers. I felt kindly toward him and efforts have been so highly appreciated, and in the future wanted him to know the news of the will do our utmost to deserve a continuance of the confidence and patronage we now enjoy.

Respectfully,

The Stationmaster of Lone Prairie. (Union Pacific Railroad 1880.)

An empty bench, a sky of grayest etching, A bare, bleak shed in blackest silhouette, Twelve yards of platform, and. beyond them iles of prairie glimmering through

North, south, east, west-the same dull gray persistence, The tattered vapors of a vanished train, The narrowing rails that meet to plerce the Or break the columns of the far-off rain. Naught but himself-nor form nor figure

The long-hushed level and stark shining waste— Nothing that moves to fill the vision aching Where the last shadow fied in sullen haste. Nothing beyond. Ah, yes! From out the

station
A stiff, gaunt figure thrown against the sky,
Beckoning me with some wooden salutation
Caught from the signals as the train flashed
by; Yielding me place beside him with dumb gesture
Born of that reticence of sky and air.
We sit apart, yet wrapped in that one vestu
Of silence, sadness, and unspoken care;

Each following his own thought-around us, cening, n-washed boundaries and stretching Each following those dim parallels and hearkening For long-lost voices that will not come back; Until, unasked - I know not why or wherefore—
He yielded, bit by bit, his dreary past,
Like gathered clouds that seemed to thicken
there for there for Some duli down-dropping of their care at

"Long had he lived there. As a boy had started From the stacked corn the Indian's painted face; Heard the wolves' howl the wearying waste "Nature had mocked him; thrice had claimed With scythe of fire of lands he once had

Rafters, dead faces, that were like his own, Then came the war time. When its shadow beckened

He had walked dumbly where the flag had
led Through swamp and fen—unknown, unpraised, unreckoned— To famine, fever, and a prison bed;

Till the storm passed, and the slow tide re turning Cast him, a wreck, beneath his native sky; At this lone watch gave him the chance of earning Scant means to live-who won the right to

All this I heard—or seemed to hear—half blending With the low murmur of the coming breeze. The call of some lost bird and the unending And ceaseless sobbing of those grassy seas. Until at last the spell of desolation,

Broke with a trembling star and far-off cry,
The coming train! I glanced around the sta-

All is as empty as the upper sky! Naught but myself-nor form nor figure wak-The long hushed level and stark shining Naught but myself, that cry, and the dull shaking Of wheel and axle, stopped in breathless

"Now, then—look sharp! Eh, what? The sta-tion master! Thar's none! We stopped here of our own The man got killed in that down-train disaster
This time last evening. Right there! All
aboard!"

This tale should have been heard as toward the sea; and the tide was out, leaving a beach miles wide. That misty, delicious, wonderful country! No wonder the Acadians died of home sickness for it. No wonder they crept back in groups and twos to Cape Breton Island and Shediac and other spots not too remote from the sheltered basin of their fathers.

dition of them. "I was brought up almost inside of old Fort Gaspereau." said this grave Scotch woman. "You know it was built to guard the north side of the neck of Nova Scotia, as Fort Beausejour was built to guard the south side. I played with other children inside the ramparts of that ruined old fortress. We solemnly enjoyed the graveyard there, though none of us could read But there was one wide grave with five men in it, all killed by Indians; we fading pink rim and the long reach of dim dike-land it covered, which we saw like that much. "I never believed that the Indians

macs. For the early French people and these Nova Scotian Indians were like brothers. . "The Micmacs are a gentle, artistic race. They never show great courage, they hate to work at hard physicial labor—at least they would hate to if they ever attempted it. But they excel in weaving and in all sorts of feather work. I think they could easily mix colors and paint pictures. Their beautiful dark eyes seem full of talent that never finds expression. They are

a discouraged people, and never try to

be anything.

be anything.

"You cannot pin a Micmae down to any spot. His lodge is now here and now there. He will follow summer to the farthest borders of the country.

"A Micmae always makes himself look picturesque. And such dainty hands and feet—you should see the instance of a Micmae squaw! The men. step of a Micmac squaw! The men, even the halfbreeds—and so many of them are halfbreeds—do not slouch around the railway stations. You see them standing trim and erect, watching the white man's improvements as if the sorrow of such things was as much as they could bear, but they bear it

"And Acadians and Micmae Iudians are always associated in my mind. Perhaps the impression was made on me when I was a child and went to an Acadian wedding in a settlement near

Gaspereau.

An Acadian servant in our village took me, and on our way to the church this girl and I stopped at a circular wigwam at the edge of some woods. We both knew the Micmac Indian woman and her half breed son, Pierre. Pierre's father had been an Acadian farmer, but he was dead; and as soon as the French portion of the family was under ground the Micmac re-

ing and hunting.

This Acadian wedding was celebrated in the autumn. I thought Pierre and his mother had come back to gather what they could find on their farm. Pierre had sat on the ramparts

neighborhood. So I said: "We are going to a wedding, Pierre." But our servant shook her head and

stopped me.
Pierre was dressed in a new scarlet blouse and leather breeches and moccasins. He had a round chin and his mouth was shut firmly. His eyes were not restless, but steady in their gaze. He looked at me all the time we were at the lodge without saying a word. I felt that he did not like the subject of 40 years of age.

weddings. His mother's expression used to be mild and indifferent when she came to our kitchen door with baskets to sell. But she seemed to be angry at the fire under the kettle after I spoke about the wedding in the Acadian settlement.

"We went on to the church and saw the wedding ceremony. It was the usual Catholic service. And everybody followed to the bride's house. I can remember the tide was out, and the beautiful sleek red clay basins shone

"The bride was a pretty, laughing girl with black eyes and round features. She wore a homespun skirt of that dull blue shade which harmonizes so well with outdoor lights and colors. It ought to have suited her, for she had dyed it herself. Above this was a white bodice, its full sleeves gathered to the shoulders with silver brooches. All the family accumulations of brooches come to the front at an Acadian wedding. They stood in rows,

clasping and fastening her dress.

"The groom wore smooth-fitting soft oots on his beautiful arched feet. I not remember his head or face at all. He was probably a stumpy good-natured Acadian. I remember only those dancng feet; and his blue trousers were made like a sailor's. They hung over his arched instep, waving and swaying as he sprang about. "There was some kind of ceremony with the bride and groom before dancing began, but I forget what it was. There was a great deal of eating first, also. It was har-vest-time and there was plenty. Our best apple land does not lie around Gaspereau. But the tables were loaded and the priest was there, and I remember thinking everything good to eat and feeling thankful for the good father's presence, for he was certainly a restraint upon Pierre.

"Pierre did not come into the house at all, though the father and all the brothers of the bride went out and asked him. He stood outside a window. It must have been pleasant for the bride and groom to sit and feast and have that half-breed watching them. "I heard in the house how badly Pierre had wanted the bride himself, and pitied him, and wondered why she preferred a pair of dancing, trim-shod feet to a big dark-eyed fellow with such a look on his face. It seems she had liked Pierre when his father was alive and he staid at home like any other Acadian; but, being a sensible girl, when he turned whole Micmac instead of only half, she bestowed her linen chest on a man who would not need to fit it out with wheels. She was marry-ing a little piece of ground whose owner cultivated the same instead of tramping

"I wondered if Pierre had a arrow ander his red blouse for the groom. He stood as silent as a post and watched those pretty feet and sailor trousers "The Acadian dance is something

four facing four, they balance and take various steps, and then one behind the but no one covered that window outside of which Pierre stood. I don't think anybody felt for the half-breed lad as I did, though I was a child. The people in the house hoped his Acadian blood would restrain his wild blood and that he would do no damage of any kind. The bride gave him a leasant nod or two which must have made the Micmac growl, in his breast,

and the groom finally went out with other young men and tried to bring "I remember I felt ashamed for him. seemed as if his Acadian nature held his aboriginal nature in chains. He was submissive, like his father's people, all the time that his mother's race was raging in him and gnashing for revenge. If he had burnt the house or shot some one it might have gone hard with me, but I blushed for him that he The English-speaking people now on | did not do it, instead of hanging thus their lands kept every relic and tra- on the verge of the paradisc he had

> "Since then I have thought Pierre was inflicting punishment on himself. It was torture, like burning at the stake. He was burning up his love, and the remarks of spectators were part of the

ordeal.

"The priest was the only person whom he answered or noticed. The priest stood by him and talked awhile before going away. Pierre listened to "I never believed that the Indians as we passed Pierre on our way home. who killed those five men were Mic- It was growing chilly. He stood outside the window staring in, and I felt afraid of him as I never had felt before.

I don't know how long he stood there. Poor Micmac-Acadian; neither civilized nor savage; bound in blood and heart to another race—a yielding, peaceful race-and perishing of that

"I remember Pierre and his mother were not seen around Gaspereau again for a long while. They took up their lodge and let the harvest go. They came back with some other Micmacs at one time, but had nothing more to do with the Acadian settlement. We have not lived on the Gaspereau side of the neck for many years. I don't know be er animal, but now I's er pusson, what became of Pierre. Maybe he is an' when I quits bein' er pusson, de standing with folded arms and looking into some window of Heaven as he looked at that wedding revelry."—

Mary Harwell Catherwood.

Time to Go Home.

Here is a good story from the De-troit Free Press: A little after 11 o'clock last night a young man evidently not many minutes from the alcoholic atmosphere of a bar-room, was walking up Monroe avenue, when in front of the Plankington his gaze happened to fall on the burly forms of the two corpulent individuals who play the two Johns in the comedy of that name now running a week at one of the local theatres. The young man halted, rubbed his eyes, straightened out his spinal column and went through all the different movements included in the process of "bracing up," looked earnestly at the two portly forms, each wrapped in a close-fitting overcoat, each topped off with a shiny silk hat, then he shook his head mournfully and resumed his walk. Just before he reached Randolph street he met an acquaintance who, hailing him, said: "Hello, there, Charley, what's your hurry? Not going home, are you?" "You betcher sweet life I am," was the emphatic response. "I think I know when Ish got 'nough. Seein' double now. Big fat man down street; took a look at him; hang me if I din't see two of him. Here's word of advice, ole fel. When you shee double go home, don't tarry, git," and away went, firmly impressed that he had been the victim of an optical illusion, induced by the libations that he had offered up at the shrine of Bacchus.

Female Physicians in Russia.

The Russlan government accuses female physicians of being addicted not merely to revolutionary opinions, but also to "sentiments and manners un-worthy of their sex." No woman is to

ABRAM'S METEMPSYCHOSIS Changed by a Sad Accident From a Pant'e Into a Man.

Among the negroes of southern Ar-kansas there is a belief in the transmigration of the soul, writes Opie P. Read n the Arkansaw Traveler. Their be lief, however, is different from the metempsychosis of more enlightened men, for instead of believing that the soul of man after death enters the body of an animal or bird, they believe that the soul of an animal or bird after death enters the body of a man—in short, every man represents some animal, reptile or bird that lived years

Abram Carter, a very old negro, who lives on the Sanders plantation, when asked why he believed so absurd a the-

ory thus answered: 'Becaze it's de truth, sah. It ain't no yeresay wid me, caze I knows it to be er plum fack. Sometimes you call er man er dog. Why? Caze he acks like er dog. Why do he ack like er dog? Caze he's got de soul o' er dog dat mout a' lived er hunnud years

animal his soul belonged in the past?" "Oh, yas, sah, 'specially dem whut hab got er powerful ricollecktion. I knowd er man—powerful smart man he wuz, too—dat ricollecks might well when he wuz er owl, flyin' 'bout de neighborhood."
"Do you remember what you were?"

"Jest ez well ez ef it wuz yistidy,

What were you?"

"I wuz er pant'er, sah."
"A panther!"
"Yas, dat's whut I wuz. It wa'n't fur from yere, down in de river bottoms yander. I ricolleck playin' wid my mammy, one o' de fines'-lookin' pant'ers dat dar wuz in de whole country. I had two brurs and one sister. We lived in de holler o' er gre't big cottonwood tree, an' I reckon we wuz erbout ez happy ez any fam'ly o'
pant'ers in de curmunity till grief come ter us. One day mammy she tole us dat, as times wuz putty hard, she would hatter go out an' git suthin' fur us all ter eat. She tole us dat er awful monster called man had jest come round, an' dat we must be keerful ter stay in the holler tree lessen de man would kill us. Wall, after mammy went erway my oldest brur he gunter talk. 'Tell you what le's do,' he says, 'le's go off down yander by de branch an' play whar de sun is so bright.' Den gistor she say 'No ways'. sister she say 'No, we mus' stay yere.
You ricolleck whut mammy said.
'Dat's all right,' my brur 'lowed. 'We's
been playin' 'roun' yere fur er mighty
long time an' dar ain' nothin' happened

"Wall," the old man continued, after a slight pause, "we went down by de branch an' 'gunter play in de sun. De day wuz beautiful an' de dogwood was in bloom an' de wild plum bushes blowed a bref o' sweetness. All at like a Scotch reel. The dancers stand Whut's dat?' I looked an' I know'd it mus' be er man, 'caze I neber seed other run the reel.

"The long twilight passed by and it was night while the dancing went on,"

"The long twilight passed by and it with suthin' like it befo'. Dar he come with suthin' on his shoulder. 'Oh, look with suthin' on his shoulder. 'Oh, look at him,' said brur. 'He ain't so awful, is he? Why, he couldn't hurt us ef he wanted ter. He ain't got but two legs an' I knows he couldn't ketch us ef he wanted ter. Mammy is awful skittish to get skeer'd o' sich er thing. I'm gwine up an' take er good look at him.' Me an' sister an' my udder brurs tried to 'suade him not ter, but on he went an' we crouched down an' watched de De man he sorter jumped when he seed my brur an' snatched de thing offen his shoulder, hil' it out an' den dar come er awful noise wid smoke. De smoke cl'ared erway, w'ile we crouched down closer an' closer, an' den we seed our brudder tumblin' over an' over on de leaves an' blood spurtin' outen his head. Den sister - mighty tender hearted she wuz, too-jumped up an' run ter brur, an' all at once de man he know what er belt wuz den-an' den dar come ernudder noise almos' ez loud ez de fust one. De smoke el'ared erway an' dar laid sister—dead. I yeard er noise—I think I yeard it—but

den dar' wuz-wuz nothin'. "It 'peared ter me dat I tuck er long nap," the old negro continued, after a pause. "It 'peared ter me dat fur er long time somebody wuz tryin' ter wake me, but dat I wuz drowsy an' couldn' be woke. Den er light gunter glimmer, sorter. All 'round me wuz er awful dark night, an' I hil' out my han's toward de light. It growed brighter an' brighter, an' all at once lay on er bed. I yered er song, I yered er banjo, an' de light come in at de winder. Er 'oman gethered me close up ter her, an' she sung er tune an' I dozed off ter sleep.

"I woke an' den I was rnnnin' rour de vard wid nothin' on but er shirt De hens roun' de barn wuz er cacklin' an' I noticed dat de redbirds wuz buildin' dar nests. Er man lifted me up in his arms an' er woman tole him ter look lout, an' all at once I went ter sleep ergain. When I woke de hens wuz singin' an' de men wuz pitchin hay offen de wagon. I thought an' thought, an' den I knowd dat I wuz er boy, an' would be er man. Dat's de truth," the old man added. an' when I quits bein' er pusson, de lawd only knows whut I's gwine ter

His Other Self Appeared.

She was a great woman's rights wo-nan. She attended meetings and corresponded with Belva Lockwood and was in communication with all the great women's organizations. The society of which she was a prominent member invited a "way up" speaker to lecture on the subject. He was, of course, entirely in sympathy with it. He came. He was a good looking man, and the first thing that happened was that the society became sentimentally interested as individuals. He preached the fullest kind of doctrine of equality of the sexes. They engaged him again and re-engaged him, and there was a hot contest as to who should win him. A man of such broad ideas must make a spendid husband. She finally got him. Those who got left beame more rabid against men than before. She was happy for awhile, when she suddenly remembered the society and felt that she ought to go to one of their meetings. With a glad-some smile she suggested it to her hus-

"No," said he, "that was all very well before we were married; but you can't go to any more of those hen con-"But, my dear, if we don't go how

about your lectures?" "O, I'm different now." "You are, are you? Well, if I don't go, you don't; that's all, I haven't listened to your arguments on the equality of the sexes for nothing. So they went. But the society didn't want any more lectures at \$50 apiece. Now she's a sptrit medium and he works the cabinet trick.—San Fran-

Are the Horses There All White? Readheadville is the name of a flourishing settlement in Otsego county,

nigan. A family of rethe place its auburn appellation.